

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA EAST
AND NEWFOUNDLAND

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



"WHEN JESUS SAW THE MULTITUDES, HE WAS MOVED WITH COMPASSION FOR THEM"

THE ALARM OF WAR

BY MRS. COMMISSIONER PEYRON, France and Belgium

HAVE you heard it? Has your soul been awakened? Are you pained at your very heart? If so, you will want to go, you will have to go. You will feel that you must hasten, for "the day draweth to a close, the shadows of the evening are stretched out," and "the King's business requireth haste."

Shall those of us who, years ago, heard the sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war ever forget it? The awe that seized the country, the unanimous response of the nation, the one thought pervading the people; rich and poor, the strong and the weak, the son and the father, all went. They had to go.

Some from the workshop went without even going to their homes for a last time; some rushed from the Colonies, starting out at a hour's notice . . . all, all left something behind them, something cherished, some loved one, some dear memory. They stepped forth, at the call of the trumpet. It was to offer their life's blood they came.

And we? Are we freed enough from our "legitimate rights," from our self-interests, from the different contingencies of life, to go in the same manner? That is the question

you must answer, O Salvationist! We know the needs, we are aware of the awful depths of sin, of darkness and of suffering. Is this not always our theme? But are we ready to go? Have we already gone?

"When Jesus saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion for them, because they fainted and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd."

He was moved with compassion. That is to say, He suffered with them.

It is no use going out with an un-

"I am pained at my very heart; . . . I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war!"

moved heart and a cold mind. We must go out as Jesus went, mingling with the crowds, watching them with the eyes of our soul, willing to share their suffering, to grapple with their problems, making them feel we

are there to help, to serve, to love.

The multitude does not want a stereotyped attitude. It needs a Jesus attitude, the attitude of One who listened, and questioned, and blessed, and healed, and saved.

When we are in the streets, in the cars, in the trains, in the meetings, do we feel for the thousands that surround us? Do we think of them continually in our coming and going? Do we pray for them in the sleepless silent watches of the night? Oh, the multitudes, the multitudes! Shall we not do our utmost to bring them within the Tender Shepherd's Fold?

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound . . ."

But we must have a clear message. No uncertain sound is wanted here! There is no time to lose in useless words, in foolish jesting, in flowery complimentary speech.

"We went to hear So-and-so," a woman of heart and learning once said to me. "We went to get bread . . . and we received a stone."

God relies on us to give the Bread



of Life. Jesus has promised us the Counsellor, the world is looking unto us. Surely, on, surely we will give the message of Salvation and Holiness! We will speak of Jesus and His love, of His death, of His resurrection! We will proclaim that He saves to the uttermost, and that "life eternal is to know the only God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent."

We will remember that the Salvation of some soul may depend on our message, and on our knees, before God, we will ask for that message, and the power to deliver it with love and compassion, and with no uncertain sound!

Oh! God help us!

"I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night; ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence."

SPIRITUAL INFLUENZA

Sin is in itself an accumulating principle. A slight cold is prone to additions and complications. It is so with indwelling sin. Its nature is to render you cold to duty, and cold in your affections towards God and His people. It contracts the fine affections of your soul as a cold one time vessels of your body, rendering you chilly and shivering in the presence of a good Gospel fire.

You have the elements of thisague within; it has begun, in fact, in these incipient stages. Get rid of it. The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from it. The medicine is ready if your faith is ready. Why not now? "All things are possible to him that believeth." May you have no rest till you are cured of theseague fits, slight, indeed, at present. It would be a wonder were it otherwise, considering your present advantages. But inbred sin has a lodgment in your nature, and every exposure to "evil air," to bad company, and bad influence will add to it. Yourague fits will increase.

Purity of heart is your only remedy.

THE MIRROR OF THE SOUL

The ancients had a proverb which said, "The eye is the mirror of the soul." A Hungarian doctor once noticed the changes that took place in an owl's eye at different periods, and he laid the foundation for a cult, or school of healing, based on the knowledge he claimed to have gained. It is asserted that the state of health or disease of every part of the body can thus be read by studying the eye and comparing it with the known data. It is also stated that after the patient has been put through a course of treatment his eye clears up and thus verifies the diagnosis and confirms the theory. However this may be, there is something like this in spiritual matters, for Jesus says: "If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

Silence is a great peacemaker.

We have not to wrestle with God but before God for things.

Caught on the Wing

"That's the Spirit!" By Don Day

"THAT'S THE SPIRIT!" A young man in the street sat cold in a voice vibrant with admiration as his companion described to him some sporting event in which an apparently hopeless defeat had been turned into victory by a fine display of courage on the part of the losing team.

There may be a trace of slang in the expression, but as I thought of it I felt that it expressed feeling that is well-nigh universal: "all the world loves a fighter." Quite apart from the justice or otherwise of his cause, the man that is not daunted by difficulties, that will not quit in the face of odds, that battles his way to victory in spite of every handicap, claims the admiration of the world. Men read the story and in tense voice mutter or shout, "That's the spirit!"

He "Stuck it Out"

In a Canadian city a road-race was scheduled for a certain day late in the Fall. The weather set in bitterly cold, but a large field of runners started. One by one they dropped out and the winner finished almost alone with face, hands and knees badly frozen. But he had "stuck it out" to the finish, and men, who cared nothing for the race exclaimed "That's the spirit!"

A driver of racing dogs in Dawson City has told of a race where his lead-dog was run to exhaustion and his feet cut until he left a trail of blood on the snow. For the last lap the noble animal staggered to his place and mutely begged to be allowed to carry on. As a last resort the driver tied the dog in a sack and put him on the sleigh. When the team started there was a struggle, the dog ripped the sack open with his teeth and again took his place in the lead. The driver tells how, with tears in his eyes, he put moccasins on the wounded feet and hitching up the dog "eased him along" the trail.

Another team had had a long lead and the driver had given up hope of vic-

tory with his crippled leader, but as they neared the goal the dog sensed the issue and continually increased his speed until a few yards from the winning post they passed the other team and finished in the lead with a burst of speed which set dog-loving Dawson City in a frenzy. He was only a dog, but as I read it I said ungrudgingly "That's the spirit!"

Overcame Every Handicap

A world-famous man tells of a boy who came to the college where he was educated. The newcomer was poor and so crippled that he could not walk or even stand alone. But such was his spirit that he overcame every handicap and forced his way to the head of his classes by sheer merit. The narrator says, "I have heard cheers under many circumstances and seen many victories celebrated, but I never heard such cheers as rang throughout that college auditorium when the giant captain of the rugby team marched across the platform carrying in his arms the crippled lad who had beaten us all, and was to receive the highest honors the college could bestow."

"That's the spirit!" The spirit that made Napoleon say, "There shall be no Alps"; the spirit admired by Ben-Hur when he patted Aldebaran, his Arab steed, saying, "He will run his utmost all day—all day; and as the sun goes down he will reach his swiftest"; the spirit that has in all ages made men and women willing to life that the purpose of their lives might be accomplished.

"That's the spirit!" The spirit that has kept mothers praying for prodigal sons until they have been snatched from the very brink of hell; that has kept a handful of soldiers praying until a "hard go" has become a prosperous Corps. The spirit that will make you and your Corps and your Division and The Army conquerors in the Siege.

"That's the spirit!" have you got it?

A MAN'S FAITH

Christ did not ask His immediate disciples to understand Him. He said to the traitor Judas, to that monument of doubt, Thomas, to the man who ran away and betrayed Him: "Go out and preach the Gospel. Do as I am doing." What He was calling for was action based on faith, and that is what He is calling to us for. He is not offering us an insurance policy. He is offering us the water of abundant life, just as we are; and as a return, He assures us, and we know it to be true, that we shall have the secret of the meaning of life. We can be rich all life through because we know. The faith He speaks of is the vision of God that lifts us through high moral purposes into greater moral power and freedom.

ROYALTY OF MANHOOD

A young man has not the privilege of choosing his parentage, his earliest impressions, his home influences, his language, his color, his nationality, but he has the privilege of choosing his companionship, his pathway, his books, his pictures, his recreation, his calling and vision of life.

"There is a fountain opened to the house of David" wherein he may wash off, if need be, his parentage, his earliest impressions, his inherited thoughts, language and mental complexion.

A ship may be launched in the wrong direction, but when the Captain takes the bridge he uses every bit of equipment to right the ship and put it under the control of the wheel and the rudder and head it toward the port he wishes to negotiate. Independence of action is the royalty of manhood.

Triumphs 'Neath The Army Tricolor

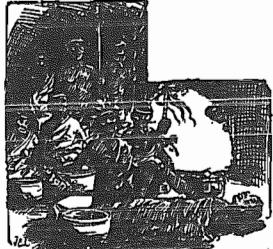
Being Some Graphic Stories Culled from "On Salvation Battlefields," a recently-published Army Booklet

"COME with me on a visit to a kraal in Portuguese East Africa, where heathen darkness still reigns," says Ensign Christofferson, an Officer working in that country. "The headman of the kraal is sitting in front of his hut, surrounded by fifteen to twenty men. Young men are busy handing round cups of beer. The reason for this gathering is the illness of the wife of one of the men in the kraal. The cause of the illness has been discussed, the bones have been consulted (one of the superstitious practices among several South African tribes) without result. Furthermore, prayers have been offered to the Amadzhuzis (the spirit of deceased relatives) without any improvement in the poor woman's condition.

Heathen Rites

"At last it is decided to send for the witch doctress, for it is believed that the sick woman is possessed by evil spirits. After some talk the men disperse and quietness again reigns in the kraal, but not for long. Suddenly the stillness is broken by the sound of singing and beating of drums. The witch doctress, with her company of supporters, has arrived, and the ceremony has started. In one of the large huts the sick woman is lying on the bare floor. Squatted in different positions are seven or eight girls and women, who, when they notice us, make a still greater noise, some beating the drums, others clapping their hands, and all singing. The theme of their song is a request that the spirit shall depart from the sick person. The noise, which grows more frantic as the ceremony proceeds, is enough to drive the sufferer mad.

"Meanwhile, the witch doctress walks round and round the woman, from time to time touching her with the tail of a hyaena, constantly smelling at it, to ascertain the character of the illness or what kind of spirit has taken possession of her.



The witch doctress is called to the sick woman

"Suddenly the beating of drums ceases, the witch doctress having fallen into a trance and the spirit having moved from the invalid to the doctress, who now commences to speak in the voice of the demon.

"Returning from her 'unconsciousness,' the witch doctress begins to interpret what the demon said to her while in the 'trance.' He revealed to her that he is a spirit of one who was killed in war by the ancestors of the sick person, and has taken possession of the woman to bring sickness and perhaps death, unless the relatives of the sick woman are able to gratify the demon and persuade him to leave her.

"How this is to be done, greatly to her own benefit, is explained by the witch doctress. She recommends the use of some of her many medicines, which she is prepared to sell at a very high figure.

"The ceremony at an end, we take our departure, glad to know that our beloved Army has set out to help the people of Portuguese East Africa and to free them from this domination of witchcraft and superstition.

"The sound of singing and drum-beating breaks the silence again. This time people are seen coming out from the numerous huts, and as



Taught to sacrifice to devils

March to the 'Hall' (a square mud hut thatched with palm leaves), in the centre of the village, and a red-hot prayer-meeting is quickly in full swing.

"Some hours later the Salvationists are on the war-path again, marching in single file, singing and beating their home-made drums. They are off for a Salvation attack on a heathen kraal.

"The bright singing and drum-beating cause quite a stir among the people passed on the way, and heathen children, men, and women join in the march. In a little while we are seated under some huge trees. Salvationists have arrived from various places and take part in these special meetings; some have walked the greater part of the day. There is no waiting for testimonies.

"Reverently the whole crowd listens, and when the invitation is given, several people make their way to the middle of the ring, where eager Salvationists point them to the Lamb of God."

Sergeant Chunga

Brought up in non-Christian surroundings in the Lushai Hills, and taught to sacrifice to devils, Sergeant Chunga knew nothing of Christ or Salvation, during his younger years. He was only ten when his father died, and a few years later he enlisted in the King's Army, joining the Abor Expedition, for thirteen months, helping to bring about law and order among the Abor tribes of the Himalaya Mountains.

The Great European War then broke out and the Sergeant left his country to serve in France.

During the two years he spent in France with the Allied Armies, he witnessed many scenes of suffering, devastation, and distress behind the lines, which he does not care to recall. He also had his first glimpse of Christianity in its most practical sense. He did not meet with any ministers of the Gospel or receive any teaching whatever, but working together with British Tommies he observed a few who were different from their companions and seemed of a higher, nobler type, not entering into the revelry and drinking.

On returning from France, a special friend came some distance to wel-

come Brother Chunga back home, and he told him of The Salvation Army and its work in the Lushai Hills. This was the first our comrade had heard of The Army, and he was immediately interested. He carefully watched, and thought matters out, then finally gave himself to God and became a Salvationist.

This was the commencement of a different life. His mother and friends tried hard to dissuade him from his new religion, and whenever sickness or difficulty came to him or his little family they immediately said it was because he refused to sacrifice to the devil. The chief of the village had always been interested in Chunga, as his father had been his elder, and tried hard to entice him back to the old life, but he remained true and took a definite stand for God.

The new convert and his wife and family commenced to pray for his mother and brother, that Salvation might come to their hearts, and after two years of faithful work and prayer, his mother accepted Christ, and to-day the whole family are Blood-and-Fire Salvationists. Prayer was answered, their faith rewarded.

In Chunga's village, there are now more than one hundred Salvationists, and he acts as Corps Secretary. Meetings are conducted regularly both with children and adults.

"I love the fight!" says Sergeant Chunga. "When I went on the Abor Expedition I delighted to be near where the greatest fighting was going on, and it is the same in this great Salvation war. I love to be at the front of the battle. I got medals for going to France to help there, but I value more the medals King Jesus will give me for fighting for Him."

"I am anxious for my people, and I am prepared to give my life to save Lushai."

Night-Life in the East

Night-life in the cities of the East is an entrancing and thrilling as in any other place in this entrancing world, and city night-life in Japan increases its attractiveness by rows of street hawkers picturesquely squatting by the road-sides of the poorer districts, offering for sale articles ranging from performing mice to gramophone records. Among these Eastern venders are many interesting characters and at least one distinguished Salvationist, whose record is a worthy one.

Offering for sale to passers-by the cords used for kimono fastenings, a rather elderly hawker drew to himself the attention of others of his fraternity by his refusal to quote one price to the rich and another to the poor, a widely-practised custom in



Offering for sale kimono fastenings

the trade. The additional fact that the kimono-cord man spent every spare moment in reading a small book puzzled and impressed the occupant of the adjoining piece of ground, selling blocks of crystal for making seals. One night when the stalls were dismantled and the hawkers were in a small hotel for the night, the crystal seller politely questioned his neighbor of the roadside, who

gladly explained that the book he read was called the New Testament, and that he, the kimono-cord man, was a Salvationist. The result of this incident was seen when the crystal seller attended a meeting Lt.-Commissioner Yamamoto conducted in the district, and at its close made his way to the mercy-seat.

Although getting on in years, the Salvationist salesmen determined to be an active Salvationist. His home was far from a Corps, so he began to teach his neighbors, and from among them formed an all-active Corps.

When he traveled his enthusiasm went with him on the road, and he took every opportunity of publishing Salvation. Nikko, a place famed the world over for its beauties, lay in the path of the kimono-cord seller, and there he founded another Corps. An Army Outpost at another village has since been added as the result of one man's work. All over the Territory he is affectionately known as Ueda San.

A Young Hungarian

This story concerns a young Hungarian, son of a wealthy bank director, in the beautiful Queen City of the Danube. He is well versed in the literature of four languages, a journalist, and in moody moments, a poet; a sportsman, gay-giddy.

In the bank one day a Salvationist (a Hebrew, by the way) offers the wise official a "War Cry." Perusal changes the unsmiling smile into a crown of perplexity. "I must go and



The beautiful Queen City on the Danube

see this Salvation Army Colonel," he says. In the wee office of The Army's pioneer leader in Hungary the haughty young bows before Christ and is saved.

He becomes a Soldier. All his gifts are devoted to God's service, and he is proud to play his tambourine (far less well than he translates!) on the market-places, where his former aristocratic companions with amazement see him, together with a few common-folk Salvationists, singing and selling The Army papers. His relatives protest, probably thinking this to be his latest, and certainly maddest, "stunt."

He leaves his magnificent home, with all its complete comfort, is trained in a foreign land, and returns to take charge of a little Corps. Changes come; humiliations and disappointments, but no retreat.

To-day he is married to an Army Officer's daughter and they are happy in their poor Corps. The wee quarters are overrun with mice (which occasionally even commit suicide among the potatoes in the saucers!) and mud-worms seem to reign supreme. With a tone of triumph he tells of the pigs wallowing in the muddy streets he has to cross when out visiting. And it is but half an hour's ride to the city, to his former, almost palatial dwelling. But he has learned both "to be abased and to abound," for his Redeemer's sake.

News from NEWFOUNDLAND

LT-COLONEL DICKERSON
Presides at Annual Demonstration
at Salvation Army College

On the eve of the closing of The Army's College for the Christmas vacation, the pupils gave their annual Demonstration, over which Lt-Colonel Dickerson presided. After being introduced to the audience by Mrs. Ensign Brown, who performed this duty in the absence of her husband (the Educational Secretary), the Colonel stated how pleased he was to be present on such an occasion, congratulated the scholars on their scholastic attainments and passed on to them some sound counsel.

The Colonel also congratulated the Principal and teachers on their work.

Following the Colonel's remarks, a short program was rendered, the closing number "The Shepherd boy's vision" being of special interest. The distribution of prizes and diplomas immediately followed.

JOTTINGS FROM THE HUB

Lieutenant B. Evans who has been teaching in The Army College at St. John's, has been appointed to take charge of the school at Channel.

Mrs. Captain Greenham has been appointed to assist Commandant C. Peacock at No. II Corps, in place of Captain King, who has been appointed to take charge of Stanhope.

Captains Ethel Wells and Ethel Barter are back again at Grace Hospital as registered nurses after completing a two years' course of training at Windsor. Captain Wells, after finishing her training at Windsor proceeded to Chicago and took a course in Physiotherapy and X-Ray. She is now in charge of the X-Ray and Physiotherapy Laboratory at Grace Hospital.

Ensign and Mrs. Legge, of Blaketown, are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl at their home. Congratulations!

"Two Hours Before God"
LEWISPORT (Captain Goulding)—A forward movement is in progress. On a recent Sunday night two men claimed forgiveness. They are bravely taking their stand and boldly testifying to what God can do for those who seek. On a recent Tuesday night the meeting was announced as "Two hours before God." A wonderful time was experienced, and fourteen seekers sought Sanctification. A number of Recruits are to be enrolled in the near future.

Six Seekers Reported
CHARLOTTETOWN (Captain Cumby)—During the past four months there have been many manifestations of the working of the Spirit of God. Not only have the Soldiers and Converts been refreshed, but sinners have also been aroused. Recently six forward and claimed Salvation and there is to be an enrolment in the near future. We give God thanks for this, and have faith that the coming months will see glorious soul-saving victories.

Eight Souls
CHARLESTON (Captain Pelley)—Since the arrival of the new Officer a great work has been accomplished. God's Spirit has worked mightily in our midst, and as a result eight souls have been registered. The meetings are proving inspiring and helpful.

SUB-TERRITORIAL
COMMANDER—**Lieut-Colonel Dickerson** SPRINGDALE STREET,
ST. JOHN'S

A SEASON OF GOODWILL MANIFOLD ACTIVITIES IN THE CAPITAL

A READY response met Lieut-Colonel Dickerson's appeal on behalf of the poor during the Christmas season. Through the kindly response many homes were made happy.

For more than a week the Officers of Sub-Territorial Headquarters, Corps Officers, College teachers and Officers of the Training Garrison stood on prominent corners in the streets of St. John's in the cold, rain and snow and all this was gladly performed that joy might come to joyless homes.

On Christmas eve, Major Sainsbury, assisted by a number of the Officers, started the distribution of Christmas dinners in the Assembly Hall of the Salvation Army College.

Mrs. Lieut-Colonel Dickerson, with Mrs. Brigadier Walton directed the preparations for the packing of the Christmas dinners.

At seven o'clock on the evening of December 26th, the Colouette, accompanied by Brigadier Walton, Staff-Cantons Cornick and Earle, called at the Men's Hostel where a supper was given to thirty homeless men. The Colonel, in addressing the men, stated that although they might be down on the social ladder, there was a possibility of them mounting up. He related incidents of people he had met in many parts of the world who were in like circumstances, but who, through trusting in God, and through their own efforts had risen. Mrs. Dickerson and Brigadier Walton also spoke, and Captain Yates, Officer-in-charge of the Hostel, proposed a vote of thanks to the visitors on behalf of the men.

A New Year's treat was also provided for one hundred and fifty orphan children of the city. Coming direct from Government House, where he had called upon their Excellencies, Governor and Lady Middleton, and also upon His Lordship Bishop White, to wish them the compliments of the season, the Colonel expressed to the children the hope that they would enjoy their meal under The Army's roof, and that it would be the beginning of good things for them for the coming year. In language that even the

smallest child understood, he explained the meaning of Christmas, reminding them that the Christ Child who was born on Christmas Day had left a wonderful example for all to copy.

They were a joyously happy crowd, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Before dismissal each child received a bag of candy and fruit.

During the Christmas season Lieut-Colonel Dickerson was present at the annual dinner given by the Rotarians to the under-privileged boys at the Newfoundland Hotel and presided over by His Excellency, Governor Middleton.

The Colonel, accompanied by Mrs. Dickerson and Brigadier and Mrs. Walton also conducted a meeting with the Officers of Grace Hospital. This was greatly appreciated and proved to be of spiritual benefit to all. The Colonel has planned to continue these meetings monthly.

On December 26th, the Officers and nurses of Grace Hospital had their annual Christmas gathering in the Assembly Hall of the Hospital. The audience was composed of a number of friends of the nurses and ex-patients. The Colonel occupied the chair and was introduced to the audience by the matron, Staff-Captain Fagner. At the end of the programme, Dr. Roberts proposed a vote of thanks to all concerned. This was seconded by Brigadier Walton, after which gifts were distributed from the tree.

On Christmas morning the Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson, with Major Sainsbury, called at the "Anchorage" where a Christmas tree had been arranged by the Matron, Ensign Churchill, for the inmates. The Colonel spoke to the girls of both the Rescue and Industrial Homes, after which he presented each with a gift from the tree. He then visited the patients of the Home and spoke words of cheer and comfort to all.

At the conclusion of the Christmas appeal, Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson took tea with the city Officers and their children in the Assembly Hall of the College. After tea short, but interesting programme was given.

HOME LEAGUE COMING EVENTS

Toronto West Division

BROCK AVENUE—Mrs. Adjutant Cooper, Wed., Feb. 6th, 2.30 p.m.

DOVERCOURT—Mrs. Colonel Taylor, Wed., Feb. 6th, 2.30 p.m.

EARLCOURT—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Attwells, Wed., Feb. 6th, 2.30 p.m.

FAIRBANK—Mrs. Colonel Henry, Wed., Feb. 13th, 2.30 p.m.

LANSING—Mrs. Colonel Henry, Wed., Feb. 6th, 2.30 p.m.

LIPPINCOTT—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Moore

LSIGAR STREET—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Whatley, Wed., Feb. 6th, 2.30 p.m.

MOUNT DENNIS—Mrs. Brigadier Church, Wed., Feb. 6th, 2.30 p.m.

ROWNTREE—Mrs. Staff-Captain Port

SCARLETT PLAINS—Mrs. Colonel Henry, Thurs., Feb. 7th, 2.30 p.m.

SWANSEA—Mrs. Field-Major Sheard, Thurs., Feb. 7th, 2.30 p.m.

TORONTO I—Mrs. Ensign Wood, Thurs., Feb. 7th, 2.30 p.m.

WEST TORONTO—Mrs. Major Bristow,

Mon. Feb. 4th, 2.30 p.m.
WYCHWOOD—Mrs. Major Sparks, Wed., Feb. 13th, 2.30 p.m.

Toronto East Division

BEDFORD PARK—Mrs. Captain Ashby, Tues., Feb. 27th, 2.30 p.m.

BING AVENUE—Mrs. Ensign Keith, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.

DANFORTH—Mrs. Major Bristow, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.

EAST TORONTO—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Souter, Thurs., Feb. 14th, 2.30 p.m.

GREENWOOD—Mrs. Brigadier Bross, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 7.30 p.m.

NORTH TORONTO—Mrs. Major Ritchie, Tues., Feb. 6th, 2.30 p.m.

PALMATEER STREET—Mrs. Field-Major McRae, Thurs., Feb. 7th, 8.00 p.m.

RHODES AVENUE—Mrs. Ensign Tiffin, Tues., Feb. 26th, 2.30 p.m.

RIVERDALE—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Moore (R.T.), Tues., Feb. 26th, 2.30 p.m.

TODMORDEN—Mrs. Major McElhenny, Thurs., Feb. 28th, 2.30 p.m.

WOODBINE—Mrs. Staff-Captain Ritchie, Thurs., Feb. 14th, 2.30 p.m.

YORKVILLE—Mrs. Colonel Henry, Thurs., Feb. 21st, 2.30 p.m.

PROMOTED TO GLORY BROTHER THOMAS BURT,

On Tuesday, December 4th, Brother Burt, after a prolonged illness, passed peacefully to his Reward. He was 73 years of age. Sixty-four years of his life were spent in the service of God. In addition to his many other activities, he for forty years filled the local pulpit whenever the minister was absent. His exerted an influence for good upon all he came in contact with. Our comrade was a real saint of God and his life was such as to commend Christ continually.

Many visits were paid the old warrior by Captain Rideout, an old Sunday School pupil of his. During his illness he was ever resigned to the will of God, and on one occasion exclaimed "I am trusting in the Blood. If I had no service for God to my credit, it would be a poor time to 'et ready now."

He was continually singing praises to God and repeatedly assured his friends that all was well and that he hoped to meet them again.

Our prayers are with the bereaved wife, and the daughter and son, the latter at present the Young People's Sergeant-Major of the King's Point Corps.—Captain A. J. Rideout.

BROTHER JOSEPH FUDGE,

Brighton

The Death Angel has visited this Corps and taken from our midst one of its oldest Soldiers, Brother Joseph Fudge. He had been an invalid for a long time and had been deprived of the privilege of attending the meetings. On Wednesday, November 13th, his soul took its flight. Before passing away, he assured his loved ones that all was well and that he was going to be with Jesus.

The funeral service was conducted by Adjutant Porter, assisted by the Corps Officers, Captain Gosse and Lieutenant Buffet. May God comfort the bereaved ones.—L.G.

Fourteen Souls in the Fountain

DEER LAKE (Captain and Mrs. Driscoll)—Since our last report fourteen souls have come to the mercy-seat and professed conversion. The work has certainly taken new life, and everything is on the upgrade. On Sunday night seven came out to the Cross. There have been seven enrolments recently, Brother A. Corbin took his stand Sunday night to fight as a soldier beneath the Blood and Fire Flag. Conviction seized hold of the people. They could not resist and the break came which resulted in the seven seekers. It was mid-night when we finished.

Another enrolment will take place in the near future. We are determined by the power of the Holy Spirit to make this year the best yet. "God and soul's" is our motto.—H. Dicks.

All on Fire

TRITON (Adjutant and Mrs. Porter, Captain Rideout)—A glorious influence prevailed our meeting on a recent Sunday night when five souls surrendered to the claims of God's Spirit. Two of our new Soldiers from Leading Tickle, the Outpost, were with us. These brothers are all on fire and are creating a big stir in their own harbor where they claim The Army is greatly needed.

Two other souls came into the Light recently.

TEMPLE—Mrs. Staff-Captain Ham, Tues., Feb. 19th, 8.00 p.m.

"More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple, human pity that will not forsake us."—George Eliot.

MIRACLES IN SOUP

The War Cry Man Visits The Army's Soup Kitchen in Toronto

TO SEE MIRACLES in soup demands genius! The Army possessed the genius; it supplied the soup and very shortly discovered the miracles. I can vouch that there is no shadow of a doubt about the authenticity of the miracles. Did I not see them myself? And who can gainsay one's personal experience?

Of course there are qualifications. In the first place ordinary soup will not suffice. Oh, no! it must be extraordinary—lentils, carrots, onions, potatoes, and what not, seething in a cauldron of savory broth. In fact, the soup must come within an ace of the stew class.

Then the genius must be an extraordinary genius! It must be sympathetic, throbbing with love, keenly

"Mighty hard on us," one of them whispered to me. "We came here expecting work, and now there's nothin' doing."

"Surely you'll get something in the Spring," I suggested.

"Yes, but there is the Winter to face now, you must remember."

"Where do you stay?"

"At The Army's Hostel on Sherbourne Street. We tramp the streets morning and afternoon looking for work. I come here for my mid-day meal. A bowl of soup at noon-time puts new life in a chap!"

From every point of the city these men come, and from every walk of life as well. Culture and wealth do not necessarily go hand-in-hand. Neither are ill-fortune, or sin, re-

about. Salt and pepper shakers were held aloft, and violently quivered over seventy-six bowls. Great fistfuls of fresh bread were relentlessly drowned in soup, or conveyed to the mouth minus preliminary saturation, according to individual taste.

In a corner of the room, next to the white-washed brick wall, sat an old man, well-dressed, and obviously versed in the intricate art of etiquette. He, so someone told me, was not so very long ago a stockbroker. But his "luck" failed, and to-day he seeks a bowl of soup and a piece of bread from friends who remain friends despite the vagaries of fickle Miss Fortune. Already as he ate, his set, gloomy features relaxed. Hope had come. It was a miracle!

At the centre table I discerned a one-time minister of the Gospel who had fallen upon evil days. Ill-fortune respects neither garb, nor position, nor wealth.

Sampling the Soup

In true keeping with the reporter's instinct, I determined to sample the soup. The members of the staff were busily scurrying about in approved kitchenfied manner. I tasted the soup, bringing all my skill as a connoisseur of culinary commodities to bear upon it. In an unbiased way it was judged, and pronounced excellent. This was not "charity soup." One could understand the transformation which would come in the hungry, discouraged man's outlook after having partaken of such warming, strengthening substance.

But the men were leaving, so I hid me to the exit. Each man when finished put his bowl on plate, placed his spoon in it, and carried it to the washer-up. The young gentleman who bore this designation was waiting with a towel in hand and grin on face, to commence operations. Shortly after the first man's departure he was swamped with dishes, and too busy for even a grin.

I watched the men as they filed by. There was the stockbroker. He looked relieved. My French-Canadian friend came along. Pierre had lost his forlorn, hopeless appearance. He was actually smiling. The group of Old Country youths followed, smacking their lips delightedly. They had ceased their wrangling long ago. The Army man upstairs had given them sound advice, and that, on top of the soup, had put them in capital humor. They were different fellows. A miracle of Salvation genius and soup! The ex-minister passed through and laid his plate down in a self-conscious manner. The bored look had left his face.

Hope Revived

In a few moments the room was empty and the kitchen staff were setting things right for the next lot of hungry men. Nearly two hundred men a day are helped in this way. And Major White informed me that these represent but a fraction of the number of meals given away daily in Toronto. This is duplicated throughout every large Canadian centre—throughout the wide world, in fact. Wherever the needy are The Army brings its story of hope in every form, from soup kitchens to Gospel messages. In fact, the soup kitchen is a Gospel message of a very practical sort. That is why it produces miracles!

Neither the applicants come, dis-

Facts from the latest Men's Social Report for the Canada East Territory showing some of the work accomplished during 1928:

Beds supplied at Army Metropole, 220,257.

Meals supplied at Metropole, 68,847.

Number of jobs found for unemployed, 15,788.

Number of free meals supplied in Toronto alone, 22,716.

During last Winter 15,696 bowls of soup were given away at The Army's Soup Kitchen in Toronto.

practical devoid of any air of patronage. Salvation Army soup and Salvation Army genius, I observed, fulfilled every requirement. Hence the miracles which resulted.

The Army Soup Kitchen for the unemployed of Toronto is situated in the Augusta Street Hostel, and thither I ventured one fine day. The subjects of the real-life drama that I witnessed were assembled in one long room of that erstwhile mansion. They were patiently waiting their turn to help empty the steaming soup kettles down below. Some were conversing volubly, but the majority were very quiet, while not a few stared vacantly ahead as though utterly oblivious to their surroundings. Could one but peer into the minds of these men what tragic tales would be revealed!

The Sad-Faced Man

One elderly man, a French-Canadian, approached me. "My wife—she eez ill," he explained. "I can find no work. I come here to get something to eat." A potential miracle, this sad-faced man, I thought. I will watch him.

In the centre of the room stood a group of young men, talking and gesticulating freely. Stepping closer I gathered that they were discontented with their lot.

spectors of persons.

The disappointed immigrants' verbiage was interrupted by the stentorian tones of a man who thrust his head through the doorway. "All clear for the next lot," he shouted. Immediately there was a rush to the little Office for tickets. These were supplied in most cases without questioning.

A Second Supply

There were several men, however, who had already been down for one bowl, and felt their need of more. Accordingly they attempted to secure a second ticket, but the eagle eye of the man in charge fastened on the culprits. "You must wait till these fellows have had their first lot, then you can get your second bowl," he cried, motioning them aside. They waited, and eventually got their second bowl. They were satisfied customers. This soup kitchen business is one institution that needs no allocation for advertising in its annual budget.

I followed the men down to the basement. They sat at long, narrow tables, covered with spotless, white oil-cloth. A delightful aroma was wafted from seventy-six bowls of soup. Seventy-three hats came off with a sweep. Three remained on, there were other things to think

couraged and famished. The soup puts the hunger to rest. The kind word of the Salvationist in charge, the Christ-like atmosphere, the "genius" if you like, chases the discouragement, and presto!—the miracle is accomplished. The men leave with hope revived. Kind words and bowls of soup help a great deal to offset the coldness of the world.

George Eliot was right when she said, "More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us."

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its benevolent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND REQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$_____, or so much as may be in my property, known as No. _____, in the City or Town of _____, to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

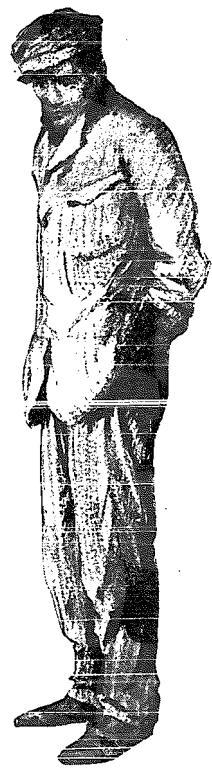
OR,

"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$_____, to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge to my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund of the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following: "To be used in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to—

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER
MAXWELL.
20 Albert Street,
Toronto 2.



The Army in Prince Edward Island

During the Christmas serenading in Charlottetown the Band played at Government House, to His Honor the Lt.-Governor of the Province of Prince Edward Island, Hon. Mr. F. R. Heartz. The Lt.-Governor personally received the collector and made a generous donation, with an expression of his kindest regards to the Commanding Officer and members of the party.

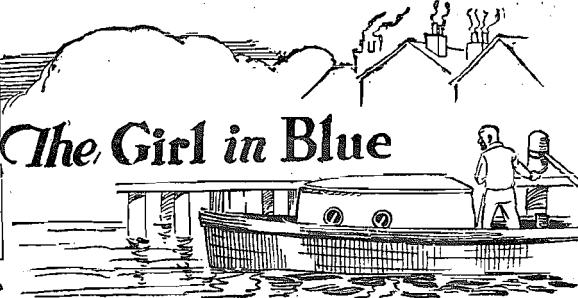
Adjutant Martin was recently called to the Prince Edward Island Legislative Building by Premier Saunders for a personal interview in the latter's office respecting the work of The Army in the Province. The

Premier expressed hearty confidence in the work of the two Corps in the Province and the service of The Army among the people of the Island.

In connection with the annual united Week of Prayer in Charlottetown City Churches, Adjutant Martin gave the opening address of the series in the Baptist Church, on the subject of "Thanksgiving and Humiliation," which was printed in full next day in the columns of the "Charlottetown Guardian," and in part by the "Evening Patriot."

A ten-days' Holiness Revival Campaign was recently conducted at the Citadel.

OUR NEW SERIAL

CHAPTER III
A Heroic Nurse

FEW days later as Mrs. Merton finished her supper to which she had returned from work—for they had been working over-time at the Pottery in order to complete the increased demand for Derby Crown ware—Grace came to her side.

"Mother," she said, "Flip is very ill. He has got diphtheria, and the neighbors are taking it in turn to attend to him. Mrs. Foster has been with him during the greater part of to-day and is going to stay with him to-night, but I'm afraid she is not strong enough to do it, and I want you to let me go and nurse him instead."

"Poor Flip. I was afraid something was wrong with him the night he was here. As for you going, darling, you've had overmuch nursing of late and I do not like your going. I think I'll slip round and relieve Mrs. Foster for a few hours."

"No, no, Mother dear, you're not well enough; this overtime is nearly exhausting you and whatever should we do if you could not go to the Pottery." Mrs. Merton rested her head upon her hand and meditated. It was perfectly true that she was not nearly so strong as when they came to Derby; that this pressure of work was trying her almost beyond her strength, and the sudden fear regarding her husband's continued absence was proving well nigh unbearable.

An Instrument of Mercy

"Mother, you must not think of attempting it; and somehow I feel a curious drawing towards old Grannie's cottage to-night. Perhaps God wants me for some special purpose. You know Flip has done us so many favors, and the last time I took Bertie to the Arboretum he carried him all the way back. Now that he is so very ill, too bad to remove to the hospital as the doctor says, I should like to be with him."

"Very well, God bless you child."

Then they knelt together and prayed very earnestly that God would restore Flip and make Grace a real instrument of His mercy.

Grannie's kitchen looked cleaner and tidier than ever Grace had seen it, and evidently the District Nurse had impressed upon the kindly neighbor the necessity of cleanliness and ventilation. A screen near the door sheltered the trestle bed from draughts. Though Flip looked fearfully ill and lay unconscious, Grace thought he had never looked so nice. As she entered, Mrs. Foster rose from near the small table and advanced with unsteady gait towards her, saying huskily, "Why, Grace, bless my stars, where 'ave you sprung from?"

The girl slightly blushed as the woman put her hands upon her shoulders and had much ado to submit to the kiss she insisted upon giving her, for Mrs. Foster had evidently been buying herself up from a bottle of spirits that stood alongside the medicine bottles on the table. She was a hard working, honest, and tender-hearted woman, always ready to give a helping hand, but somewhat given to finding consolation in alcoholic beverages.

To "Keep Her Spirits Up"

"Come to take a turn of nursin' the poor lamb, have yer now? Well, well, to be sure you're as good a nurse as anybody round about, as I know to my own comfort for did'nt you?"

"Yes, yes, but how is Flip, tell me about him."

"Why he's very bad, very bad indeed, and the District Nurse said as 'ow he's in a very critical condition, and would 'ave to be watched careful. That's why I felt I mun 'ave summat to keep me strength and spirits up."

"Which you know, dear Mrs. Foster, only makes you ill afterwards; oh! why don't you give up drinking the vile stuff. Mayn't I throw the rest of it away?"

"Throw it away! Waste me drop of gin! Did yer ever 'ear the likes? An' I was just wonderin' as 'ow I couldn't a fasted the night out without it."

"But now I've come you can get home at once and get your proper rest; do please give me the bottle," pleaded Grace. For a moment the poor woman hesitated, and Grace put her hand on the bottle, but with a sudden impulse let go and put her arms about the woman's neck and kissed her. With a little gasp Mrs. Foster took the bottle and flung it into the ash bin. Then covering her head with her apron she hurried from the cottage.

Grace went up to the sick boy, looked at him intently for a moment, shook up his pillow, and gently put back the damp locks from his fevered brow. Then making a few slight alterations to the disposal of the furniture, she hurried upstairs to have a look at the old woman. Grannie's hard-featured face relaxed into a semblance of a smile as she recognized Grace who had long ago found time to do little kindnesses for the poor soul. With a touch here and there, a shake of the pillow and

such a trying time of late that she will want to rest on the camp chair; but you must rouse her immediately the patient shows uneasiness or difficulty in breathing. It is just possible that something may help the passage and nothing but instant relief can save him. You understand, child?"

"Yes, sir."

The boy opened his eyes as they stood round him, and at once recognized Grace. A smile came over his face.

"It's true isn't it, there's a heaven for me, Queenie?"

"Perfectly true, there is a home eternal, where all is bright and fair. Where Jesus waits for us," she gently answered, bravely smiling, though the tears came into her eyes.

With a sigh of ineffable content, he closed his eyes, and then the doctor and attendant quietly took their departure.

Two or three hours sped by and the nurse was lying upon the camp chair in a state of semi-consciousness, when Grace was attracted by a slight movement of uneasiness on Flip's part. There appeared a strained look upon his face and she caught the sound of strangulation in his throat. Without a moment's hesitation Grace bravely bent over the boy and placing her lips to the tube drew away the poisonous substance that had caused the stoppage. There was a slight struggle and then Flip lay prostrate, and so fearfully still that she doubted whether she had not been too late; then a tinge of color appeared on his lips and a sigh escaped him.

"You've saved him, but, child, at what a risk!" muttered the Nurse, by now at the side of the patient.

She had been roused, but too late to internose. Quickly she administered to the heroic girl remedies to avert the danger of her contracting the dread disease. She dared not think of the sacrifice Grace's brave action might entail.

(To be continued)



In came Dr. Jennings and a nurse

a smoothing of the bed clothes, Grace considerably brightened up in room; then with a softly uttered "God bless you," and a kiss, she left the woman with a tear trickling down her furrowed face.

Quietly taking up her position by the boy's bedside, she moistened his lips, as she did so she perceived certain dangerous symptoms that had been noticeable in her brother Bertie's case, and her heart grew faint. But with a prayer to God, she began to prepare a remedy they had tried with her brother. Before she could apply it, however, the door opened and in came Dr. Jennings and a nurse, who were followed by an attendant loaded with various articles.

A Good Exchange

"Eh, what is this, where is Mrs. Foster? Gone home, and you're in charge?" Well, I rather think it's a good exchange, for you've had a useful experience and you can be relied upon." His dark, clever face betrayed satisfaction as he keenly scrutinized the sweet face and the preparation she had been engaged upon. Dr. Jennings was not the parish doctor, but one of the few medical men, possessing means and a profitable practice, who devote some of their superfluous energy and time to the poor sick folk. He had made Grace's acquaintance in a neighboring court when "Sprightly Kate" was his patient, prior to his attending Bertie.

"Now look here, Queen of Canal Croft," he playfully exclaimed, after the nurse and the attendant had inserted a tube in the boy's throat, for he was in that dangerous condition necessitating such a drastic remedy. "You'll have to keep very smart and spry for the next few hours, for though Nurse will remain for some time, she has had

Activities in the Montreal Division

THE SERIES of welcome meetings for the new Divisional Commander and Mrs. Brigadier Burrows, notwithstanding the prevailing "flu" epidemic, have been well attended and enthusiastic in spirit.

On a recent Thursday afternoon, at Verdun, the first of a series of monthly Officers' meetings was conducted by the Divisional Commander, who was supported by the Divisional Young People's Secretary and Mrs. Adjutant Keith.

Over fifty Officers of the City were present to learn of plans for the future and receive counsel and advice. God came in a wonderful manner and blessed each waiting soul.

The tea provided by Mrs. Ensign Larman and the Home Leaguers of Verdun, was greatly appreciated.

United Holiness meetings have been re-commenced, on Thursday nights. Verdun Citadel is the centre chosen for the first month, the home Corps musical combinations supplying helpful musical aid. A good crowd responded to the call to learn more of the way of truth and righteous ness.

The second Thursday found the Citadel filled. The Rev. Mr. Norman, of Gordon United Church and Rev. Mr. Brown, of the Chalmers United Church, took part. The address by the Divisional Commander was effectively hacked home by the Holy Spirit and comrades saw the need of more aggressively following the Christ of Calvary. Point St. Charles Band and Songsters supplied the music.

A resumption of the Home League gatherings throughout the Division after the recent seasonal festivities, finds a renewed interest being taken in this helpful branch of Salvation Army activities. Mrs. Brigadier Burrows' visit to the Montreal No. 1 gathering was deeply appreciated.

An instrument scheme is well in progress at Klugston, and anticipation of the early receipt of the instruments is keen.—"Viva."

A SALE BY AUCTION

HAMILTON I (Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)—On Saturday night, January 5th, Deputy-Bard master Besant, with the young men of the Band put on an instructive service entitled, "A sale by auction." The meetings on Sunday, conducted by the Corps Officers were very helpful. Three came forward in the Prayer meeting. On the previous Sunday night there were also three at the meeting.—J. B. Wigle.

Army Activities in Other Lands

A Review of Our World Wide Operations

NEW HOPE FOR LEOPERS

Important Test to be Made at Army Colony in Dutch East Indies

"Doctor Denis Mulder, Director of the Medical Radiological Institute at Bandung, believes that radiological treatment will have results in the treatment of leprosy that thus far injections and other usually applied means have not yielded. The doctor has secured most encouraging results by means of light treatment in the case of a patient whom he has been treating for the last three years, and asserts that the patient is not only clinically but bacteriologically cured. On hearing of this another gentleman, Mr. Bosscha, declared himself willing for the sake of suffering mankind to make a further test of this new method on a much larger scale.

"Arrangements have now been made for a test with a larger number of lepers at The Salvation Army Colony at Pelantongan which is situated some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, among the beautiful mountains surrounding Semarang. The Army has at this Colony fifty-five Europeans and one hundred and thirty native lepers for whom it is caring; there are also adults and children, some of whom have been suffering for years, while others are more recently affected. Mr. Bosscha has arranged with The Salvation Army for the erection of four hospital wards with an observation room for the attendant Salvation Army Nurse. The four wards will provide accommodation for men and women, boys and girls respectively.

"In these wards thirty large lamps will be installed, from which a sea of light will stream upon the patients as they lie upon their couches hoping for a cure. Seeing that Pelantongan

(Continued at foot of column 4)

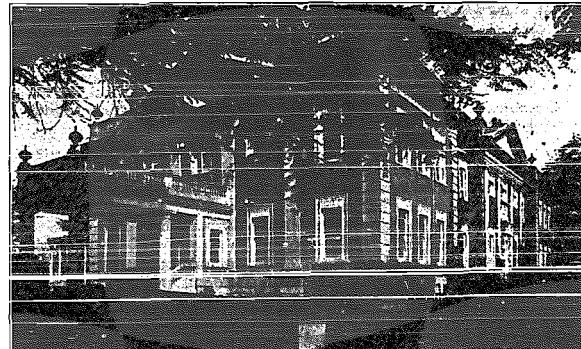
"HE IS SAVED, RIGHT ENOUGH"

NORWEGIAN FISHER-LAD FINDS GOD IN ARCTIC REGIONS

AS AN EXAMPLE of how the labors of comrades who toil for God in lonely places are rewarded in the conversion of souls, here is an abbreviated account of the conversion of a Norwegian fisher-lad, who afterwards witnessed a brave confession for Christ:

Early one evening in the Lofoten Islands area, three boats conveying

place did not annoy the audience in the slightest, and the utmost attention was given to the speakers. Many sought Salvation that night, and Olaus, of whom the record speaks, was deeply convicted as a result of what he had seen and heard. At last he tore himself away from the meeting and hastened out to his comrades. Here he tried with some



Sunbury Court, where the High Council is meeting for the first time in Army history

thirty fishers rowed ashore and the whole company hurried away to The Salvation Army meeting, to be held in a cod-liver-oil distillery (cookyery). They pushed their way in, not worrying about what kind of a seat they were going to get. They squatted down anywhere—on the edges of oil-kettles and even on shelves. The strong fishy odor that filled the

haughty words to quit himself of the mighty impression the meeting had made upon him.

The Lofoten fishing season was over and Olaus, with about one hundred others, went to Finnmarken, by the Arctic Sea, for the Summer fishing season. His station was Vardo. The Salvation Army had also come there and Olaus went to their meetings. Nothing could shake off the conviction that had seized him, and at last he ran from a dance room to an Army Hall. The Officer's speech was ended, but Olaus needed no speech. The Prayer-meeting had commenced. The Officer spoke some inviting words and Olaus at once knelt at the penitent-form, where he prayed earnestly for Salvation. Some of his comrades were there and saw all this, so the event was soon made known in the abode where he and eighteen other fisher-lads lodged.

When he went home he was ready to be scoffed at, but to his surprise instead of being derided he was greeted by a ready-spread supper-table. "Thanks," said he to his fellow-fishers, "but I have got other food—spiritual food—for God has saved me." Then he turned to his simple bed and knelt to pray. He prayed aloud for himself and for his eighteen comrades, naming them each. There was a solemn silence and all felt that Jesus was there.

"I heard the meeting going on so I went into the meeting-place and rushed to the penitent-form, and there I knelt for four hours and five minutes trying and struggling to get victory.

At last I arose from my knees a saved, sane and sober man.

"When I returned to my ship after my conversion they wanted to know what was the matter because I was not drunk. A ship-mate said to me, 'If you're going to be a Christian kneel down and say your prayers.' So down I knelt on the wet decks, and God helped me."

A short while after Olaus became a Salvationist, and when the fishing season was ended he returned to his home, and caused a great surprise and stir in that far-away hidden valley where his people lived when he showed himself in his red guernsey. But he was always treated with respect, for all knew that he had become an out-and-out Salvationist.

INTERNATIONAL CAMPAIGNER

Spends Successful Time in India

Lt.-Commissioner Unsworth, of International Headquarters, who left England some months ago in order to conduct an extensive tour of meetings throughout India and Ceylon, has already conducted a splendid series of gatherings in various parts of the great Dependency, including highly-appreciated and inspiring Councils for Officers. The Commissioner has also had important interviews with His Excellency the Viceroy of India, Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, the Governor of the Punjab, Sir Francis S. Jackson, Governor of Bengal, with Lord Goschen, Governor of Madras (who also presided over one of The Army's meetings), and with other highly-placed officials.

Lt.-Commissioner Unsworth was continuing his itinerary in part of the Southern Territory when, unfortunately, illness overtook and prevented him completing his program.

"COME WITH ME"

French Officer's Timely Aid Saves Despairing Man

The following moving tribute to Lieutenant Robert Babando, a young devoted French Officer, who died last year, has recently appeared in the French "War Cry":

I should be more grateful than any one on earth if I could pay my debt to The Salvation Army and to their servant, Lieutenant Babando, my saviour from misery, for through him I was converted.

He found me on the Paris boulevards in the greatest distress, half-dead with cold and hunger. "Come," said he, taking my arm, "come with me." We walked something like two hours and arrived at the Palais du Peuple.

At the door he took out his purse and gave me five francs. "It is all I have; take it in the name of Jesus. Who gave Himself for you. The office is there—get some food and a bed. Do not tell the Officer I paid for you. To-morrow I shall see what can be done."

(Continued from column 1) has no electric power, and that there is in the neighborhood no electric installation of sufficient strength, a special installation will be equipped with sufficient for 20 k.w. in order to supply the desired power for this treatment.

The Army has set apart one of its best nurses, who will receive a course of training at the Medical Radiological Institute hero in order to understand the control of the lamps for the different patients. Our Officers have been assured that this test will take place with the permission of the Department for Public Health which regularly subsidizes the struggle against leprosy.

We deeply regret to learn that Mr. Bosscha, the donor referred to in the above translated extract from the "Preangerbode," has died since he announced the gift mentioned. The news having come through by cable it is not yet known if the gift will be confirmed by the heirs, though it is expected that such will be the case.

Jack Tar Swears a New Allegiance AND PRAYS ON THE WET DECK

Here is the testimony of a Western comrade who found Salvation while in Japan on naval service, and is now a zealous Salvationist. In addition to wearing various campaign medals our comrade wears one for saving life at sea. During his adventurous career he has been in some of the worst tidal waves, monsoons and typhoons, in one of which ten thousand lives were lost. Ashore or afloat he has kept the Flag of Salvation flying, and has won many for God. He is a wonder of saving mercy.

"When in Japan, forgetful of God and His claims, I acted foolishly," says this comrade. "Getting very drunk on sake, I endeavored to throw a ship's corporal into drydock. Whilst awaiting trial, I was kept below in irons for seventeen days. The captain, who was a humane man, let me off after that as he considered I had had enough punishment. The ship proceeded to Yokohama where I went ashore and became very drunk. It was here—can I ever forget it?—that I heard The Salvation Army. A Japanese sailor was singing a solo and I left the public house to listen to him; asked him to sing it again, when he took me by the hand and



Our Musical Fraternity



Musical Memoranda

By Lt.-Colonel F. S. Hawkes, Head of the Music Editorial Department

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Donates a Euphonium

On behalf of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales who, in response to the Commanding Officer's appeal, sent a donation covering the cost of the instrument, the chairman handed a euphonium to Band-Lad Smith during the presentation of a set of "Endurance" class instruments to the newly-formed Young People's Band at Kennington Lane, London. Mr. G. Harvey, M.P., presided, and was supported by several Councillors and other influential people. The Senior Band and Songsters provided the music for the evening, and with joy welcomed the new arrival.

The complete set of instruments was donated by different people, and many words of encouragement were given.

Perth (Australia) Fortress Band, in sending out their Christmas Greeting Cards addressed one to "Salvation Army Band, Dovercourt, Canada."

It was delivered to Dovercourt, Alberta. Someone there wrote on the envelope "No Salvation Army Band here, try Dovercourt, Toronto." A few days ago it was delivered to Adjutant Jones, the Corps Officer of "our" Dovercourt.

A UNIQUE EVENING

In Which EarlsCourt and Danforth Brigades Unite

The EarlsCourt and Danforth Songster Brigades, under the leadership of Songster Leader Hugh MacGregor and Ensign J. Wood respectively, combined forces and presented a unique and inspiring service announced as "A Coleo Choral Evening" at Danforth Citadel, on January 7th.

The program, arranged by Ensign Wood, consisted of seventeen items, composed entirely by Staff-Captain Bramwell Coles, Assistant Editor of "The War Cry," and well-known for his many splendid contributions to Army music. The Staff-Captain presided, and intensified interest in the rendering of the vocal selections by referring briefly to the circumstances surrounding their origin.

An enjoyable feature of the evening was a witty and enlightening talk by Mrs. Staff-Captain Coles on "Reflections of a composer's wife." The reading of a message from Ensign Gillard, of London, England, who is the author of the words of several of the songs used, also formed an interesting interlude. A word of appreciation for the visiting Brigade was voiced by Field-Major Hiscock, of Danforth, to which Songster Leader MacGregor made hearty response.

Dramatic, impressive and inspiring were the lantern slides and vocal singing combined with which the evening closed, and which depicted Christ as the tender Shepherd, as a silent Sniffer, and as our glorious Saviour, purchasing our Salvation on the Cross.

The singing of "When I survey the wondrous Cross," brought to a close one of the most beautiful and solemnizing festivals of song it has been our lot to attend.—R.C.

The Bandsman Who Succeeds

He who lives to help his fellow-men.

He who makes the most of every opportunity.

He who does what his bands find to do with all his might.

The "Musical Memoranda," which are to appear on this page, are in the form of open letters written in answer to questions raised by enquirers. These articles have been specially contributed to the Canada East "War Cry" by the Colonel, and it goes without saying, will be found very valuable to our musical fraternity.

No. 1—PLAYING IN TUNE—(Continued)

CONTINUING his first article on "Playing in tune," Lt.-Colonel Hawkes, following his remarks concerning the tuning of the second valve notes of brass instruments, says:

Notes and chords to correspond, that is, one tone lower on the brass instrument, will, of course, be produced on the harmonium.

Afterwards proceed to deal in a similar manner with the first valve; first and second valves combined, first and third, and finally, first, second and third.

By this process the whole register of the brass instrument, including the various combinations of valves, is tested, and if the result is agreeable, it may be concluded that the instrument is satisfactory in this respect.

It is not, of course, a matter of perfection, for an absolutely perfect brass

instrument with three valves is not a scientific possibility. The natural discrepancies, however, in a first-class instrument are very minute, and, indeed, are not recognised by many players, and can be easily rectified by an experienced player.

Some of these natural faults can be corrected by cross-fingering, and all are capable of manipulation by lip control. As a competent player gets accustomed to his instrument in due course, he rectifies these matters automatically or subconsciously. That is why a new instrument frequently seems faulty and harder to manipulate than one that has been used for a long period, and until one becomes accustomed to a new or fresh instrument, and, so to speak, senses its character and becomes thoroughly acquainted with it, the change may not be an agreeable one.

Frequently new instruments are condemned on this account, and too-hastily formed opinions are permitted to establish a prejudice.

The fact is that after becoming accustomed to the defects of an old instrument, and in due course failing to take any notice of them, a new instrument is sometimes condemned as being faulty because it differs from the old one; and, though it actually may be a far superior instrument, the old one is preferred.

In a general way it may be said that it takes at least several months to become thoroughly used to a new instrument.

Much could be said on this point, but we must leave the instrument and proceed to deal with the player.

Recognizing Correct Pitch

Now it is a fact that some players are defective in regard to the recognition of correct pitch, and so players, as well as brass instruments, are faulty as to intonation. It may be taken for granted that it is a much more difficult task to tune defective bandsmen than faulty instruments.

I have known of players who, no matter what kind of instrument, or make, are given them, produce similar defective notes on all.

I once knew a cornet player who could never play G on the second line in tune. It was invariably flat; while his son, who was a baritone player, always played upper G sharp. I am at a loss to account for this strange coincidence, but there is the fact. Whether it proceeded from a physical or mental cause I cannot tell.

It is, however, a well-known fact that some Bandsmen always play a little sharp, while others consistently play flat. These facts are traceable in some cases to faulty methods of articulation or want of lip management, and are more or less capable of correction, more or less the player submits to a process of study and persistent practice, and is conscious of his disability.

Unfortunately some are not, and it is by no means an easy matter to develop the ability to recognise true intonation. Some will play atrociously out of tune and not turn a hair, so to speak, while in others, whose suscepti-

bilities have been quickened, the slightest dissonance makes them wince and continue bad tuning is a real torture.

It is, however, the "erratic" player who sometimes plays sharp and at other times flat, who is most difficult to deal with.

This inconsistency may be due to either a physical or mental cause. It may be due to defective ear, or, on the other hand, for want of a proper or uniform method of tonguing or lipping, or lack of muscular grip. The latter defect is more common than is generally thought. There are some men who, through lack of physical and muscular stamina, never will make really good players. Because of lack of muscular strength, the lips are pinched when high notes are produced, and this causes them to be sharp.

An Essential

With others the difficulty is a mental one, and this is, perhaps, the most difficult of all cases to deal with. Ability to distinguish with some degree of accuracy the various degrees of the scale and intervals is certainly essential, and, if this is not a natural gift, it must be cultivated.

Not all who desire to play an instrument are naturally equipped with those particular faculties that go to make a musician. In a criticism of the singing of a modern Oratorio, a writer remarked, "It is not a crack choir. Many members are singing probably not because they can sing, but because they like it." A rather harsh comment, perhaps, but possibly true. So perhaps with some who have instruments for which nature has not bestowed the necessary gifts. Still, much can be done by patient effort and persistent endeavor, and many Salvation Army Bandsmen who, at first, seemed almost hopeless, have eventually become useful executives, and have done really good service by the exercise of the acquired talent.

Cultivation, then, is essential, and if the ear is naturally defective, steps must be taken to rectify this disability, for playing will never be tuneful unless the ear is able to distinguish minute inflections in regard to pitch.

(To be continued)

HOW DO YOU WEAR THAT

CAP?

A Matter Calling for Attention

The question of Band caps seems to be one calling for attention in many Bands. Bandsmen sometimes forget, surely, that the cap is just as important a sartorial item as the tunie, and needs as much care.

To start with, the shape of some caps that are worn is really awful. I doubt whether the Trade Secretary would recognize them as having come from the Trade Department. It is a great pity that some Bandsmen break down the blocking in the front! It absolutely spoils a cap. Then the badge! This should stand straight up, not lie down facing the ground. It should be remembered, also, that Bandsmen are not entitled to wear an Officer's cap, neither are they authorized to wear an Officer's chin-strap. I have actually seen some Bandsmen wearing brown-colored straps which they have secured from elsewhere.

There's another point. The authorized cord should not be twisted.

When a cap band has become dirty, either it should be washed, or a new one secured; the cost is very little. The word "Salvation" on the band should start above the right eye, and not directly in front, under the crest. With reference to the last-mentioned, if after a year or two it gets tarnished, don't for the sake of a few copperers spoil the appearance of the cap; a new crest will wonderfully freshen up its appearance and the crest should be fastened securely and not like some I have seen—hanging half off.

And what about the man who wears his cap over one ear? Words fall me!

A soldier of the King's army would get into "hot water" if the faults I have mentioned were observed, and they soon would be!

We are Soldiers of the King of kings and must obey Paul's injunction: "Let all things be done decently and in order." How do you wear your cap? —X.Y.Z.

HEAVENLY MUSIC

If We Will Have It

It is said that once Mendelssohn came to see the great Freiburg organ. The old custodian refused him permission to play upon the instrument, not knowing who he was. At length, however, he reluctantly granted him leave to play a few notes. Mendelssohn took his seat, and soon the most wonderful music was breaking forth from the organ. The custodian was spellbound. He came up beside the great musician and asked his name. Learning it, he stood humbled, self-condemned, saying, "And I refused you permission to play upon my organ!"

There comes One to us, and desires to take our lives and play upon them. But we withhold ourselves from Him, and refuse Him permission, when we would yield ourselves to Him if we would bring from our souls heavenly music.

Toronto East, Note!

EARLSCOURT BAND

Is at Parliament Street Corps, on Monday, January 21, at 6 p.m.

Come and enjoy an enjoyable evening.

Admission by Program, 25 cents.



THE FRIENDS WE NEVER SEE

"Around the corner I have a friend, in that great city that has no end. Yet days go by and weeks rush on, and before I know it a year is gone: And I never see my old friend's face, for life is a swift and terrible race. He knows I like him just as well as in the days when I rang his bell And he rang mine. We were younger then. And now we are busy, tired men— Tired with playing a foolish game, tired with trying to make a name. 'To-morrow,' I say, 'I will call on Jim, just to show that I am thinking of him.' But to-morrow comes and to-morrow goes and the distance between us grows and grows. Around the corner—yet miles away . . . 'Here's a telegram, sir.' 'Jim died to-day!' And that's what we get and deserve in the end— Around the corner a vanished friend."

TO MAKE STALE BREAD NEW

Do not throw away a stale loaf. By the following simple method it can be made quite appetising.

Take a clean cloth and soak it thoroughly in cold water.

Wipe the loaf with the damp cloth all over until the surface is well moistened.

Make the oven properly hot, and place the wet loaf inside. In about ten minutes the loaf will be quite crisp and, some people consider, better than when it was new.

When the outside of the loaf is crisp to the touch, it is time to take it out of the oven.

The Women's Realm

AN ACTIVE LEAGUE OF MERCY

LONDON I LEAGUERS' SPLENDID WORK

London I League of Mercy workers were actively engaged during the Christmas season dispensing cheer to the needy. Altogether these splendid women workers distributed three hundred and seventy baskets of fruit, six dozen handkerchiefs, three dozen half-pound bars of chocolate, three hundred and sixty book-marks, and over six hundred Christmas "War Crys."

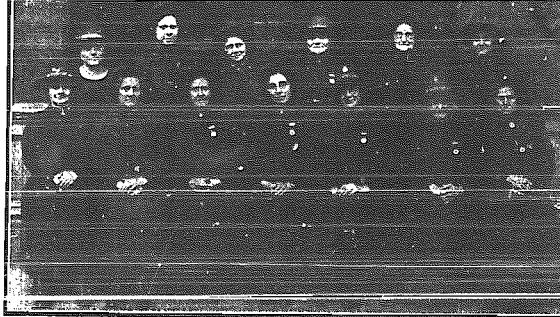
A program was given at the city Institution, over which Mrs. Commandant Laing presided. One of the features of this happy evening was the talk by Lt.-Commissioner Hoe,

candy, with a Christmas "War Cry," was given to every inmate, numbering about one hundred. Nine of these old comrades have since crossed the River.

A visit was also paid to Parkwood Hospital, where carols were sung and prayer offered. Baskets of fruit, candy, and Christmas "War Crys" were again distributed.

One hundred and thirty-six baskets of fruit and candy, and also Christmas "War Crys," were also distributed in the public wards at Victoria Hospital.

On Sunday evening, December 23rd,



London I League of Mercy, with Sergeant-Major Sister Mrs. Potter

who related some good stories of Indian life which especially pleased some of the men, several of whom are old soldiers and have served in India. The Commissioner was in native dress which added greatly to the interest.

At the close a basket of fruit and

members of the League, with a few other comrades, went out to Byron Sanatorium and sang carols both outside and inside the Institution. "God blessed us greatly," reports Sister Mrs. Potter, "the League of Mercy Sergeant-Major, "and we concluded at 9:45 singing outside the main building 'Abide with Me.' We returned home very tired but happy after three and a half hours of singing. Each of the three hundred patients received a Christmas "War Cry," also a book-mark with a greeting and text on. Baskets of fruit, etc., were also given to special cases."

In addition to these manifold activities the League of Mercy sent handkerchiefs to every child at the Ronald Roy Gray Home, and to each girl at the Rescue Home a packet containing a half-pound bar of chocolate, a handkerchief, greeting card and a Christmas "War Cry."

As the League members prepare and pack, and also help to distribute, the four hundred Christmas dinner baskets which are given out in London, the magnificent and self-denying labor of these Sisters will be realized.

The activities mentioned do not include the many homes visited and the sick ones helped and cheered.

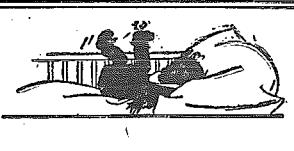
"We were all very tired when Christmas day came," says Sister Mrs. Potter, "but were happy in knowing we had tried to make others happy. We got through our work well seeing that many of our League members were sick."

On Wednesday, January 2nd, Brigadier Burton and the Relief Board entertained the League of Mercy members to dinner prepared by Mrs. Commandant Highmore and her staff at Ronald Roy Gray Home, which was much appreciated. Brigadier Burton and Adjutant Forbes expressed their gratitude for the work done by the members in the city during the past year, and also for their assistance with the relief work.

To Soothe and Strengthen

The hands of woman are among her most potent influences. Behind the life of every man stands the moulding influence of womanhood. In these days of self-assertion and boastful independence this truth may be boldly refuted, but deep in the heart of every man is the knowledge that a woman, mother sometimes, lover or wife more often, has made

(Continued at foot of column 4)



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To keep lemons fresh put them in the same bin with your potatoes.

If you have any hard lemons do not throw them away. Place them in boiling water for fifteen minutes (do not boil them) and your lemons will be fresh and juicy.

White marks due to hot plates should be quickly rubbed with a little methylated spirit, not letting any of the spirit go on the unstained wood, and then rubbed dry, and a little warm camphorated oil spread on. Leave all night, and polish the next morning. White marks caused by water can often be removed by warming an iron and holding it a few inches above the mark. The iron must not be too hot.

In boiling meats, take the fat from the top of the water and save for cooking or making soup. In the roasting of meats pour the grease out of pan, or dip it out before it gets burned. It will be excellent for use in cooking, but if it stays till the meat is done it will be sure to have a burned, unpleasant flavor.

You do not get any more heat for cooking by turning up the gas beyond the blue flame point. You run up your gas-bill, and do not save your time.

Bread for puddings, stuffing, or sauce, can be prepared more quickly with a mincing-machine than a grater, and the crusts can be used as well as the crumbs by this method.

Walls need sweeping down every week with a clean cloth over a broom, and this is nearly as essential for health and cleanliness as sweeping the floor.

When cream is too thin to whip easily, add the white of an egg to each pint of cream.

LEAGUE OF MERCY ACTIVITIES

Notes from Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Morris, Territorial League of Mercy Secretary

The Sergeants-Major of the different Leagues throughout the Territory have been busy as usual during the Christmas season. The Sergeant-Major of the Sarnia League writes to say that they gave a dinner to the inmates at the House of Industry, which was much enjoyed by those present.

Hamilton I. League has also been busily engaged in cheering inmates of various institutions. The "flu" epidemic has somewhat interfered with our plans in many cities where the League work is in operation. Many of our institutions have been closed for weeks and many special events had unfortunately to be cancelled.

Two inmates of the Home for Incurables at Toronto died just recently. The funerals were conducted by Field-Major McRae (R.), a number of the League members being present.

(Continued from foot of column 2) able women to successfully bear. The love of Christ in your heart, the spotless purity of His life as your ideal, will alone enable you to use the power which God has placed in your hands for the moulding of your man and your sons into strong, chivalrous soldiers of Jesus Christ.

From All Quarters of the Globe

A Survey of Current Thought & Events

A CRUEL TYRANT

THAT terrible cruelties are still practised on the rubber gatherers in Brazil is recently revealed by an explorer who recently went into the jungle in search of a man who is known throughout those regions as the "King of the Xingu." Of this man Mr. Smith writes.

"He lives like a hermit, in a rustic palace, commanding a great retinue of peons, who are virtually slaves. He typifies the feudal tyranny of remote plantation methods in Brazil. His peons who seek to break away without paying off their crushing debts are pinned in stocks, unmercifully beaten, and then left to lie for hours upon the ground. Vampire bats feast upon their blood, and hordes of ants gnaw at their bare skins. After such treatment the King of the Xingu is assured that one more victim of his tyranny will remain an abject toiler in his service."

The liberation of these slaves and the dawning of a new day for Brazil is close at hand, we learn, owing to the activities of Mr. Henry Ford in the rubber field.

A GOOD WORD FOR CRIMINALS

THE WARDEN of Sing Sing Penitentiary in New York State has written a book descriptive of his experiences with prisoners. He states that he has handled more than ten thousand "bad" men, and found himself faced with an equal number of paradoxes and anomalies. "The gunman murderer, in most instances, proves to be tender-hearted; the bold robber, timid; the thief, honest."

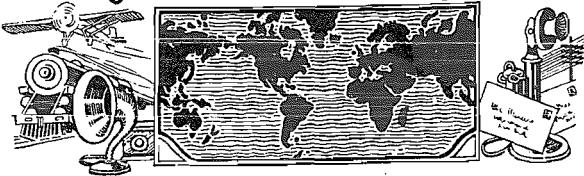
The warden himself has "never carried a revolver or blackjack in Sing Sing Prison." He tells of convicts who have shed tears over the loss of their pets, of some who have offered their blood in transfusion cases, of a number who wished to risk their lives to save two men they saw drowning in the Hudson, and he says:

"Those who think of the criminal as he is usually portrayed in fiction may find it difficult to think of him as having any of the characteristics of a hero. As a matter of fact, I know of a number of former prisoners who distinguished themselves for bravery in the late War."

Lest those outside absolve themselves of all responsibility for those whom the law has enmeshed, Warden Laws finds that:

"Crime is rarely a one-sided proposition; guilt rarely entirely personal. Responsibility must, in most instances, be shared by society, which takes credit for a man's virtues and should by the same token acknowledge at least some of the blame for his vices. The newspapers and movies must, in some instances, share a good deal of the responsibility of crime, but so, too, must the schools, the churches, and many thoughtless fathers, indulgent mothers, vain wives, underpaying employers, dishonest politicians, usurious bankers, grasping money-lenders, etc. In several cases of men who have been sent to Sing Sing in connection with big business failures, the failures were due to payments of high interest rates to grasping money-lenders, who were themselves complainants, although they had actually received in interest more than they had loaned, and were therefore only nominal losers in the failures."

He states also that most prisoners are religious, with a firm belief in God, and the true atheist is as rare within prison walls as outside.



VAIN REPETITIONS

A GLIMPSE of Mohammedanism is given in the following extract from a recently published book. The author, in describing a meeting with a pilgrim bound for Mecca says:

"Having finished eating, he took from his pocket a string of beads, and commenced to mutter repeatedly some short invocation, though I could not catch the whispered words. Presently he wrote something in his notebook, and then went on mutter-

that she was fed up—fed to the teeth" was the expression she used—meaning that, sick of scavenging for sensations, she was sunk deeper than ever in dreary and debilitating boredom. A life unfenced by moral restraints had left her hardened, listless, morally rudderless and decadent."

How can people find true happiness in life and escape from the boredom which afflicts so many? Containing the writer says:

"Millionaires look very bored—so



STRANGE BEASTS OF BURDEN IN THE AFRICAN TROPICS
Bullocks, walking forward then backward, draw water from a well to irrigate an Indian's market garden set amid luxuriant vegetation at Mombasa, Kenya Colony *

ing. I asked to see the notebook, and found it half-filled with figures. The explanation was that Abdul Hamid, for such was his name, in order to improve his chances of reaching Paradise, had vowed to repeat the chapter of the Koran entitled "Sincerity," 777,777 times before he reached Mecca.

"Whenever he completed an even hundred of repetitions he made a note of the achievement in his book. The total of his figures was added up at the bottom of each page, and I noticed that Abdul Hamid would soon reach the end of his great work—the poor soul had only another couple of thousand repetitions left him before completing his vow."

What dreary hopelessness is revealed by such an incident. Should it not stir us to more effort to carry the Light of Christ's Gospel to those who sit in darkness?

THE CURE FOR BOREDOM

NOTHING leaves us so sad as our cheap joys," wrote Thoreau.

In illustration of this a writer in the "British Weekly" relates the following:

"I have seen a young girl chase happiness, grab and clutch at it, go after it morning, noon and night, and in the end I have heard her confess

do rich, idle and useless women, and dancing, gambling, cocktail-drinking, luxury-loving men. Cautious careerists and social climbers are bored. But busy mothers are not bored or Salvation Army workers or Sisters of the People. So it comes to this—that those who pounce on life and exploit it and take a great deal of material reward out of it are often bored; but those who contribute actively and generously to life are happy enough and sometimes soar to the skies. Those who spend themselves in the service of others are not bored."

A HAPPY OLD AGE

A NAGED MINISTER recently issued a message on his ninetieth birthday which is worthy of the widest publicity.

"Old age without the comfort of religion would be cheerless, dreary, and, indeed, I may say, horrible," said Dr. McMullen. "But the assurance that a merciful and gracious God has taken care of me for ninety-eight years is a pledge that He will take care of me to the end, and then take me to Himself. My faith rests on the merit, saving power and all-sufficiency of Christ, and not any merit of my own. I tell you of my faith because I wish you all to have the same faith."

OUR ONLY HOPE

IN MR. HENRY FORD'S latest book, "My Philosophy of Industry," he gives his idea of a Utopia, where machines will have eliminated the drudgery of farming and house-keeping alike, where no one will ever discuss liquor, let alone drink it.

All these things may come to pass, but they will not make humanity happier or better unless sin be rooted out and Christ is given His rightful place in each heart. The old animosities and wranglings, the selfishness and callousness of the human heart will spoil the most perfect human paradise. The only hope of this sin-scarred world is Christ and His Salvation.

WINNING JAPANESE STUDENTS FOR CHRIST

FROM a despatch recently published in a Toronto paper we take the following extract:

"On the eve of departure for London, England, to attend the present meetings of the High Council of The Salvation Army, the head of The Army's work in Japan, Lt.-Commissioner Yamamoto, conducted remarkable evangelistic meetings in Kwansei Gakuin or West Japan College, Kobe, under auspices of the Southern Methodist Church and the United Church of Canada.

"Although Commissioner Yamamoto was in conference in Toronto on Christmas with Drs. Endicot, Armstrong and Arup, of the United Church of Canada while en route to London, a full account of his work at the college was not available until enthusiastic letters were received at foreign mission offices recently from missionaries on the Kwansu Gakuin staff.

"Facing 1,500 students during two mornings the Commissioner created a deep impression and at the close 300 made decisions, some to pursue Christian study, others to re-dedicate their lives to Christ and some to enter the Christian fellowship at the earliest opportunity."

A GENEROUS GESTURE

THE RESTORATION of penny post to letters addressed from Canada to all other Empire points is hailed with wide satisfaction. The "London Observer," one of the most influential of English newspapers, considers the move a generous gesture of loyal Imperialism. It eloquently pleads for reciprocal action on the part of the United Kingdom.

The "Toronto Globe" points out, however, that "Britain is staggering under a load of taxation never before borne by any nation. It is a difficult matter to make ends meet, and even the loss of a farthing's profit on the carriage of every letter is a matter that grows to considerable proportions in the eyes of the Exchequer. What is obvious is that Canada's example will be followed at the earliest possible moment."

HASTENING DEPARTURE OF WINTER

A N ATTEMPT to free the harbor of Montreal from the grip of Winter earlier than usual is to be made by Dr. Howard T. Barnes, according to an announcement from the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

The Doctor will endeavor to burn out the ice in the St. Lawrence River by means of thermite. It is also hoped that this will prevent the flooding of the country between Montreal and Sorel. The scheme is only in the form of an experiment.

COMING EVENTS

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

London—Sat.-Sun., Feb. 2-3. (Young People's Councils.)

Montreal — Sat.-Sun., Feb. 23-24. (Young People's Councils.)

COLONEL ADBY: Hamilton, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 26-27; London, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 2-3.

COLONEL TAYLOR: *Windsor, Sat.-Mon., Jan. 26-28; West Toronto, Fri., Feb. 1; *Guelph, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 2-4; Toronto East, Sun., Feb. 10. (Young People's Councils.)

*Mrs. Taylor accompanies.

LT.-COLONEL McCAMMOND: EarlsCourt, Fri., Jan. 25; Lippincott, Sun., Jan. 27; Wychwood, Tues., Jan. 29.

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Montreal IV, Sun., Jan. 27; Montreal III, Wed., Jan. 30.

BRIGADIER BURTON: London I, Fri., Jan. 26; St. Margarets, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 26-27.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Hamilton V, Fri., Jan. 25; Hamilton I, Sun., Jan. 27.

MAJOR OWEN: Parry Sound, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 26-27.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Yorkville, Fri., Jan. 25; Bedford Park, Sun., Jan. 27.

MAJOR SPARKS: Toronto Temple, Fri., Jan. 25; Lippincott, Sun., Jan. 27; Wychwood, Tues., Jan. 29.

MAJOR TILLEY: Springhill, Sat.-Mon., Jan. 26-28.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Kentville, Sat.-Mon., Jan. 26-28.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHES: Hamilton V, Fri., Jan. 25; Hamilton I, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 26-27 (Young People's Councils).

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Woodbine, Sun., Jan. 27; Byng Avenue, Wed., Jan. 30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SNOWDEN: Montreal IV, Sun., Feb. 10; Montreal I, Sat.-Sun., March 16-17.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPOONER: Windsor I, Fri., Jan. 25, Sat.-Mon., Jan. 26-28 (Young People's Councils). Essex, Wed., Jan. 30.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WILSON: Windsor, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 26-27.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WRIGHT: London I, Fri., Jan. 25; Stratford, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 26-27.

COLONEL AND MRS. JACOBS
At London I

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs conducted a stirring week-end at London I. The Colonel was the speaker at the United Holiness meeting. Mrs. Jacobs gave valuable assistance in all the meetings.

The visitors were very much impressed with the singing of the Soldiers. The Colonel's messages in all meetings were very helpful and instructive.

Sunday morning was a real spiritual feast. The night meeting, in spite of the weather, was well attended, and one soul came to the mercy-seat.

Many of our comrades are sick, which has been a great drawback to almost every branch of the Corps, but we are having victory, and mean to make 1929 one of the best.

TERRITORIAL PARTS

(Continued from column 1, page 8)

News has come to hand of the death of Sister Mrs. Larder at Halifax, N. S. Our comrade was the mother of the late Commandant Larder of the United States, and of Sister Mrs. Henderson, of the Hamilton I Corps.

Adjutant and Mrs. Yost's daughter has been seriously ill for some time in the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital. We are happy to report, however, that she is now on the mend.

We are sorry to state that Ensign Lightowler, of Mimico, has been compelled to return home on account of illness. Captain Toms, of Renfrew, has been granted sick furlough.

Summoned Home

"Be ye also ready"

SECRETARY E. HUGHES

Yorkville

The Funeral service of the late Secretary Edward Hughes, of Yorkville, the report of whose sudden death in Toronto, the report of whose sudden death in Toronto, appeared in last week's "War Cry," was conducted in the Yorkville Citadel on Friday, January 11th, by Staff-Captain Wilson, who also conducted the Committal service in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Tribute was paid to our departed



Secretary Edward Hughes, Yorkville

Brother by Lieut-Colonel McCaughan, who told how Brother Hughes had soldiered under him many years ago at Montreal I, and how the steadfastness and sterling Salvation qualities which he then exhibited had been characteristic of his whole career.

Secretary Hughes had worked on the Toronto Street Railway for over twenty years, and a large representative body of the Toronto Transportation Commission men were on hand to pay last respects to an honored fellow-workman. They admired his integrity and straight-forwardness in connection with his work as an executive of the Street Railway Employer's Union. Mr. Robbins spoke as their representative and paid high tribute to the life of the respected Salvationist.

Colonel Hargrave and Lt-Colonel Jennings also took a prominent part in the service, after which over 800 people passed the open coffin.

The procession which wound its way through the city streets toward the Cemetery was of such proportions that extra police supervision was necessary. Thus did the friends and comrades of Secretary Hughes pay tribute to the memory of a good man.

The Memorial service was conducted by Staff-Captain Wilson on Sunday evening, January 13th, when the work which Brother Hughes accomplished during his twenty years association with the Yorkville Corps was highly eulogised by various comrades, including Ensign Tiffin and Sergeant

Major Palmer and Bandsman Phippen. Bandsman Phippen related that it was a regular practice with Brother Hughes, each morning to read the Bible prior to leaving for work, even when he had to rise in the very early morning hours!

Commandant Davis, the Corps Officer, expressed his deep regret at having lost a splendid and capable Local Officer and a warm friend. Whilst the Band played "Promoted to Glory," the audience stood, and a deep sense of the Spirit of God came over the crowded Hall. By special request of Sister Mrs. Hughes the quartet party sang "Sleep on, beloved."

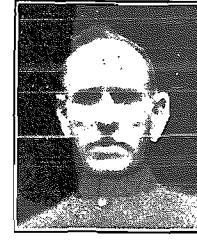
That "There is no death," formed the gist of Staff-Captain Wilson's remarks. "In Christ we have found life eternal!" Nine seekers came to the altar at the conclusion of his message, every one of whom had in some way or other come into contact with Secretary Hughes, and had been influenced for good thereby. One Bandsman in particular consecrated himself afresh to the Master's service.

Sister Mrs. Hughes has been greatly cheered and comforted in her trial by visits paid her by Mrs. Lt-Commissioner Maxwell and by other Salvationist comrades.

BROTHER DOVE,

Brock Avenue

"Saved and kept by the grace of God." When we look back over the life of Brother Dove we realize what a wonderful experience is expressed by this oft-used sentence. Forty-two years ago he was saved in a revival meeting in Twillingate, Newfoundland, and since then he



Brother Dove, Brock Avenue

has been a constant witness to God's keeping power. He was in the first batch of recruits enrolled in his home Corps and for many years Soldiered there and at Tilt Cove. Adjutant George Cooper, who was his Corps Officer in the latter place, pays a high tribute to his faithfulness and devotion in the words "Brother Dove never looked back, or wavered to right or left."

He came to Canada about twenty

The Commissioner's Appointments

TORONTO EAST YOUNG PEOPLE'S COUNCILS—Sunday, February 10th.

TORONTO WEST YOUNG PEOPLE'S COUNCILS—Sunday, February 17th.

Mrs. Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell

HAMILTON HOSPITAL—Friday, January 25th.

HAMILTON—Sunday, January 27th. (Young People's Councils.)

PARLIAMENT STREET (Toronto)—Monday, January 28th (EarlsCourt Band will accompany).

OTTAWA II—Sunday, February 10th. (Morning and night.)

OTTAWA HOSPITAL—Tuesday, February 12th.

MONTRAL HOSPITAL—Thursday, February 14th.

VERDUN—Sunday, February 17th. (Morning and night.)

years ago and was a Soldier at Sydney Mines before coming to Brock Avenue, Toronto. His deathbed was a triumph; almost his last words were to repeat a chorus very dear to his heart:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest battles now are past,
My triumph has begun."

In his Memorial service eight seekers were found at the mercy-seat, among them a daughter and a grandson of our promoted comrade.

"DAD" DAVIES,
Hamilton II

The Death Angel has visited our Corps and claimed Bandsman Davies, who was one of the most faithful "Dad," as he was commonly called, who had been a son to the job the first to witness for the Master outside and in the Hall.

The Call came suddenly and only the Sunday before his death he was at his post.

He has been a Soldier of Hamilton II for fifteen years and never shirked his duty.

We gave him an Army funeral, and at the Memorial service, conducted by Adjutant Bird, one man came forward.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

At West Toronto for Brother Phillips

WEST TORONTO (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)—The chief feature of Sunday's meetings was the Memorial Service for Brother Phillips, conducted in the evening by the Field-Major.

The loss which the Corps has sustained in the Promotion to Glory of this veteran comrade is very deeply realized, but the splendid example he had set and his happy ending are an inspiration to follow him as he followed Christ. The deepest sympathy for the beloved members of the family was warmly expressed, and loving tribute to the life and influence of Brother Phillips was paid by various speakers. The Band played "Promoted to Glory," the whole congregation standing. The Field-Major's Bible reading was in full sympathy with the occasion, and an urgent appeal for surrender to the claims of the Master who had so richly blessed Brother Phillips was pressed home on one and all.

Family Testimonies

WINDSOR I (Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)—The meeting of December 29-30th was conducted by Mrs. Commandant Barclay, assisted by the Locals. The Holiness meeting was a time of heart-searching, and many were renewed in their love for God and greater service. In the afternoon meeting a number testified in families, both parents and children being connected with the Corps. In the evening ONE seeker gave his heart to God—Hilda McGowan.

Week of Prayer

SMITH'S FALLS (Captain and Mrs. Dixon)—During a week of prayer the service held in our Citadel was well attended. All the ministers took part. The Rev. Mr. Wilson delivered the message and a bittersweet note was experienced. On Sunday last the fire of the Holy Ghost was burning in the hearts of the comrades and we finished with TWO at the mercy-seat.

Brevities

NEW GLASGOW (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)—Our week-end meetings were well attended and THREE sought Salvation. Our Young People are coming along fine and numbers are increasing.

NEWCASTLE (Captain and Mrs. Gifford)—The Soldiers who enrolled on the last Sunday of the old year, and we aim to make 1929 the best yet.

OTTAWA I (Ensign Page, Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant)—Were able to commence this year victoriously by enrolling three comrades under the Blood and Fire Flag.

MONTRAL (Chatham Street (Lieutenant General)—We recently held a Young People's Demonstration and distribution of prizes by Brother George Cooper. A splendid crowd was present, and Rev. Mr. Page was present. Much of God's Spirit is realized and souls are getting saved.



WHEN I read the story written in the good old "War Cry," the other day, by Treasurer Guernsey and Sergeant Bonnet, it set me thinking.

You see, it was just about the same year, any way—that the Founders decided that The Army should be put into uniform, that they shocked any number of the staid old folks by actually introducing a Flag as one of the regular features for attracting the people. I don't mean the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes, but "the Banner of Blood and Fire," as Colonel Pearson's song calls it.

As was the case with the Uniform, both William and Catherine Booth were in it—she quite as much as he. It was not often that she was many yards behind him in the race which "they both ran together"—and this time, indeed, it was The Army Mother who took the lead.

Coventry has been noted for a good many things—silk and bibles and motors—but for Army folk it stands out as being the place at which Catherine Booth, the Founder's wife, presented the first Corps Flag. What do you think of that?

No! I don't think there are many in the Corps to-day who were present at that meeting—fifty years is a long time, isn't it?—and most of the "Old Brigade" of those days are in Glory now.

Fifty years! Dear me! What a lot has happened since then!

I like to think, too, of the fine Officers we have had who have marched behind me—and stood by my side on the meadows—some of them sometimes through all sorts of opposition—Cadman and John Allen and Wellman and Ted Irons (he was a champion, was Ted) and Foster and Polly Parkins.

Setting the Pace

Yes! I reckon Coventry set the pace for the whole jolly Army. As soon as other Corps knew about us and about me, why, they were wanting Flags all over the country, and you youngsters of to-day, who have only seen and known The Army five or ten, or maybe a score of years, you all know what a half-baked sort of a show an Open-air or a procession looks without at least a couple of Flags—one for the Band and one for the Corps. A couple, did I say? Why, I know some Officers who feel like a fish out of water unless they've got at least a dozen out on a Sunday night.

How many Flags have we got altogether? Did you ask? Well, there must be tens of thousands, and don't forget, I was the first!

I wish you could have heard The Army Mother that night when she presented me to the Corps. My word! she did lay it on about what the Flag

stood for—Faithfulness and Loyalty and Victory. "We've marched many a mile," she said, "without a Flag, but we shall march ever so much better with one!" and so we have done! She preached from that text, "Terrible as an Army with Banners," and told the Soldiers that God wanted them to be a "terror to evildoers." Of course, the people laughed plenty during the next few weeks because the Captain was a woman, and sometimes she had to carry me herself.

Colors Never Changed

I believe the Founder and Mrs. Booth had designed it together—the arrangement of its three colors has never been changed from that day to this, and that first Flag not only carried in its centre the "ferry star," but the motto which, by its means, was then introduced, "Blood and Fire."

Talk about "Fights for the Flag," indeed! There have been hundreds of them; and any number of broken noses and broken heads too, but what odds? The great thing is the Flag is still flying, and that all round the world, in city and in village, in the slum and on the sea beach, amid Arctic snows and in the Zulu kraals. Salvationists of all nations still love to fight under it and believe, as they sing, that:

The Flag that guides poor sinners on the way.

The Flag that leads to endless day. The Flag that fills all Hell with dismay.

Is the Flag of The Salvation Army.

I like to think too about the way

in which, when she was dying, more than a dozen years later, The Army Mother said she wanted the Flag to be placed over her head. The Old General brought it to her at once, and hanging it over her, said, "There, the Colors are over you now, my darling!" Then, clasping them with her hand, she traced the motto they bore, "Blood and Fire." When I think of those two I fancy I can hear them singing, "Keep waving! Keep every Flag unfurled!"

Yes! God helping us, we will! Flag No. 1, Corps No. 36, Coventry, England.

FARM BOYS' REUNION HELD AT WOODSTOCK

Sixty Burnside Lodge Immigrant Lads Gather at Banquet

Sixty youths, ranging in age from fourteen to nineteen years, recently assembled at The Army's Burnside Lodge at Woodstock for a reunion of boys brought to this district as farm workers under The Army's auspices.

The sixty boys, representing only a small fraction of the immigrants who have passed through Burnside Lodge, came into Woodstock from all parts of the province, some on foot, many brought by their employers in cars, and others by train. The boys enjoyed a splendid reunion dinner, and were later addressed by Colonel Jacobs.

The gathering was a highly successful one, and the boys, most of whom were old friends, were delighted at the opportunity of reuniting for a day.

"Help me to watch and pray.
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall far ever die."

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OTTAWA I	600
(Ensign and Mrs. Fallo)	
Ottawa II	210
(Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)	
Ottawa III	150
(Ensign Pogo, Lieutenant Semple)	

(Continued in column 4)

'WARE! THE SLUMBER MIXTURE

C.M.R. Issues a Warning Regarding Anti-Awakitivity Recipes

I WAS amazed when I read it. I was thunderstruck. It was the last thing I expected to find in a "War Cry." "No! It wasn't our "War Cry"; let me quickly tell the world that.

But there was the article before my eyes, with its glaring headline,

"SUGGESTIONS TO WOO SLUMBER"

And there, in cold type, were all the wily tricks and dodges, the sly manoeuvres and artful stratagems to assist people to woo sleep.

And in a "War Cry!" A "War Cry!"

"Expect to sleep, and you will sleep," it said; "Relax," "Don't worry," "Keep quiet," "Don't excite the mind"—but I mustn't tell you any more. Enough to show the evil possibilities of the thing and to what depths the writer of it had sunk.

Fierce

Frankly, I was rattled. I will go so far as to confess that. Not often I am! Truth! But I was now! I was in no mood for stroking the cat or saying kind words to the canary.

I made quick steps to tell a comrade-of-the-pen about it. I must have looked a trifle fierce, for as I approached and he saw me coming, figuratively brandishing a revolver, he seemed to glance under his desk as though to make a dive for it.

"What's up? Rising, old chappie?"

"Everything."

"Eh?" Another glance at his desk drawer as if looking for a weapon. "It's not you!"

"Oh!" he sighed, as he breathed freely once again.

"Well, don't worry, keep quiet, don't excite yourself—"

"What! You been reading it too?"

"Reading what?"

Sleep-Wooing Stuff

This. This sleep-wooing stuff. This anti-awakitivity propaganda. What if our boomers see it?"

"Ah! Tell me all."

I told him all. I read him the whole thing. As I neared the end, I fancied he was yawning. I felt a bit drowsy myself.

"Deadly stuff!"

"Treachorous Fatal!" said he, stifling another yawn.

"Wooing slumber indeed! Very thing I've been giving my time and unrivalled brain power to fight. Editor gets me to keep our boomers

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MIRACLES
IN
SOUP

(See page 5)

The WAR CRY



TRIUMPHS
'NEATH THE
TRICOLOR

(See page 3)

The Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland

No. 2311. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, JANUARY 26th, 1929.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.

Sinners Are Coming To The Fountain—

Montreal Says "Welcome"

MONTREAL I (Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)—Brigadier and Mrs. Burrows paid their initial visit to the Montreal Citadel Corps on Sunday and Monday, December 30th and 31st. They were accompanied by Adjutant Keith, who introduced our leaders in the Sunday morning meeting, and a hearty welcome was accorded them by all present. The Brigadier thanked all for their warm welcome. He was not a stranger to the city, and both he and Mrs. Burrows were pleased to be back.

Mrs. Burrows spoke expressing her determination to do all she could for the furtherance of God's cause in the new command. An earnest appeal for a full surrender was made by the Brigadier and three volunteered to the mercy-seat.

A splendid crowd gathered for the night service. Cadet-Sergeant Ireland, of the Training Garrison, who was present, was called upon to speak. The Brigadier followed with an address, and in the Prayer-meeting one comrade sought a complete deliverance.

The Divisional Commander and Mrs. Burrows were again at the helm for the Watch-Night service. There was a splendid attendance and God's presence was felt very near. What a sight it was to see upwards of two hundred silently entering into a new covenant with God for 1929.

After the service a great crowd, headed by the Band, formed up in front of the Citadel and marched to the Dominion Square. Halting by the Windsor Hotel the Band played the National Anthem, and prayer was offered for the restoration of His Majesty the King.

Saved in Reformatory

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. McRae)—On a recent Sunday evening three volunteers came to the mercy-seat, one of these had been a backslider for eighteen years. At the next service he was the first on his feet to testify how God had kept him. Another man told how while in Guelph Reformatory God had wonderfully saved him, and that he had promised God that at the first opportunity he would testify for Him. Within an hour of his release he had secured a position, this he thanked God for. At the close of the service one of the sisters shook hands with him and he told her she was the first woman he had shaken hands with for over two years. He told how God had given him grace to kneel in prayer in a prison dormitory in front of twenty-five men mostly hardened by sin. As a result, God had abundantly blessed him.

Prodigals Return

NIAGARA FALLS (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmings)—On Thursday, January 3rd, we received a visit from our new Divisional Commander, Brigadier Major Keith, who was accompanied by Staff-Captain Riches. Our comrades from Ningara II united with us for this occasion, and a meeting of great blessing was held.

The Brigadier gave a very inspiring message from God's Word, and at the close of the meeting TWO backsliders came Home to God. Last Sunday God's presence was felt in our midst, when knelt at the foot of the Cross.—P.E.S.

All Consecrated for Service

SUDSBURY (Captain and Mrs. Renshaw)—On January 4th we were visited by our new Divisional Commander, Major Lovell, who was accompanied by good attendance. The Major conducted an impressive enrolment of two Soldiers. For the weekend of January 5th and 6th we had Ensign Johnson, from Divisional Headquarters, with us. At the conclusion of the Thursday night meeting the comrades all gathered at the mercy-seat, and reconsecrated themselves afresh for the service of God and the Army. During the coming year we enjoyed an effective Lantern service.

New D.C. Welcomed

MONCTON (Commandant and Mrs. Speeler)—Our new Divisional Commander, Major Cameron, recently paid us a welcome visit. The Holliness service was a time of great interest and enjoyment. In the afternoon the Major visited the Company Meeting and greatly cheered the Young People. The Citadel was filled with the night meeting and very profitable time ensued. Staff-Captain Ursaki spoke the D.C. throughout the week-end.

UNITED TO SERVE

A very pleasing event took place at Mimico on December 24th when Sister Mary Taylor and Brother F. Tillett were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Major Sparks. A good gathering of comrades and friends was present. The Corps Secretary spoke on behalf of the bride, and Brother Baker for the



Brother and Sister Tillett, Mimico

bridegroom. The happy couple adjourned to Brother Baker's home for the reception, at which a large number were present.

"We pray that God's blessing may go with our comrades," says our correspondent, and that they may do even greater things for God and The Army in the future than ever hitherto.

A Battle For Souls

LIPPINCOTT (Adjutant and Mrs. Ashby)—A great battle for souls was waged in the Lippincott Hall on Sunday night. Staff-Captain Ham led the attack, assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Ashby, Captain Lorimer and the "Fiery Prophets" Brigade of Cadets, the latter having been welcomed as an addition to the corps. Wednesday night

The Lippincott Soldiers are real fighters, and through prayer and faith TWO souls claimed victory. The Devil's forces suffered a defeat and the people of God, in victory. A Holliness wind-up gave God's people an opportunity to praise God for victory.—G. Wagner.

Spiritual Special Leads Them One Into the Light

HAMILTON IV (Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)—We had Field-Major Urquhart with us for a weekend. On Sunday morning the Major conducted a heart-searching Holliness meeting, and nineteen comrades re-consecrated themselves for service. In the afternoon he took part in the Company Meetings, both at the Outpost and the home Corps. In the meeting at night twelve seekers responded to the invitation.

On Monday night the Major gave his famous musical meeting before a packed Hall; Brigadier Macdonald was chairman. The Major also conducted the Watch-Night service, and we closed the year with prayer and testimony. One sister came forward.—"New!"

Salvation for the Family

HAMILTON II (Adjutant and Mrs. Benson Hart)—we are in the midst of a revival campaign conducted by Field-Major Urquhart; God is doing a great work in the hearts of the people and up to the present sixteen seekers have knelt at the mercy-seat. On Sunday night it was a grand sight when a father, mother and two children knelt at the Cross. The Watch-Night service, conducted by Brigadier Macdonald, was well attended.—C.C.

Good Work Begun

ST. JOHN I (Ensign and Mrs. Ellis)—Our new Officers, to whom we accorded a hearty welcome, have already won a warm place in our hearts and have taken up the work with energy and enthusiasm. We are anticipating an earnest campaign for souls, under their leadership. Indeed it has already begun, for on Sunday evening last we had five seeking the Lord.

Our new Divisional Commander, Major Cameron, and of course Mr. Cameron, have won a very high place in our esteem and we are sure that will lead us on from "victory unto victory" in the series of United Holliness meetings, which commence on Friday, the 4th inst.—Sergt. Jay Be

Two Veterans

SPRINGHILL (Captain and Mrs. Tilley)—We had with us recently Mrs. MacEachan, who was an Officer in the Corps, and a graduate of the Sunday night meeting, and we rejoiced over FIVE seekers. We are glad to have in our midst Sister Mrs. Amon and Sister Mrs. Parsons, who have been transferred from Parry Sound. Mrs. Amon has seen thirty years of Soldiership and Mrs. Parsons twenty years.

A Year of Victory

ROWNTREE (Captains G. and B. Keeling)—Our Watch-Night service was conducted by Major and Mrs. Eden. Many interesting testimonies were given, among them one by a comrade who said she had wandered into the Hall last New Year's night as a backslider; she had sought God in that hour, and now could report a year of victory. At the close of the service ONE brother knelt at the mercy-seat in consecration.

One of the Best

TODMORDEN (Adjutant Froud, Lieutenant Pattle)—The meetings of the first Sunday of the New Year were conducted by Major and Mrs. Ritchie. The Holliness meeting was marked by a very strong sense of the presence of God. Mrs. Ritchie's message was on the subject of "Self-surrender," and ONE comrade gave her all to the Master. A short Open-air preceded the Salvation meeting at which many were gathered. The new Brigade of Cadets, under Captain Maxwell, did their part in making the evening one of the best. THREE backsliders returned to God.—M.M.

Twelve for the Day

BRANTFORD (Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)—The week-end meetings were conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Macdonald. This was their welcome visit and the Holy Spirit's presence was manifest in the services. The comrades, as well as the Officers, upheld their heads at all the meetings. The music was greatly appreciated by the Brigadier. The soul-stirring address made a deep impression on all and we had twelve souls for the day.—Mrs. Squarebriggs.

—And God Is Putting Them Right